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RAINY DAY IN A GARRET.

We could not play at trusts, in corrie or croquet.
We could not venture out of doors that rainy summer day;
But yet by me unheeded was the shadow in the skies.
I saw but sunny weather in the smile of Veda's eyes.
Within the roomy attic such jolly games we played;
Why should I at the patter of the raindrops be dismayed?
And in my joy I often thought if she would only share it,
I'd have my life one rainy day with Veda in a garret.

The years a score have flurried by, since that glad afternoon,
Which she and I so gayly passed with heart and heart in tune;
The sunny locks that lay across her brow are streaked with gray,
But love is just as young and glad within our hearts to-day.
Sometimes the clouds have crossed our paths and hidden all the blue,
Yet all the while affection's sun was shining warm and true.
A yoke is light and easy with two steadfast hearts to share it,
And love can make life's rainy days delightful in a garret.

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

HE LOVED HIS WIFE.

A Little Lesson for Many Selfish Men.

No one doubted that he loved her devotedly, and yet—they had lived in the same house for nearly forty years. Meanwhile he had become one of the richest men in Lakeville. He owned and rented numerous dwellings with all modern luxuries in the way of steam heat, gas fixtures, bathroom, plate glass windows, large closets, etc. The old home possessed none of these advantages. It was delightfully situated, and the garden surrounding it was ideally beautiful. Mammoth oaks and wide-spreading maples cast deep shadows upon the rambling structure in which Mrs. Van Dyke spent her toilsome later years, and all the people who drove past were apt to say: "There's a fine old-fashioned sort of place!"

Mrs. Van Dyke was accustomed to hearing praises of the trees; the nice cool well water, so much better than that which ran through the city pipes; the soft light from sixteen kerosene lamps, such a relief after blinking evenings of brilliant gas that was so trying to the eyes; the cheery comfort of big blazing coal stoves in midwinter; the inexpressible deliciousness of fresh berries from the vines that grew so profusely on the grand old Van Dyke premises. Comments on the manifold blessings enjoyed by the Van Dykes gave Mr. Van Dyke unalloyed satisfaction, for he was very proud of the old home. Two paramount attachments were plainly manifested at all times. He was exceedingly fond of "the old place," and, let it be remembered, he loved his wife devotedly.

She had borne him seven healthy, affectionate and dutiful children, all of whom were married and settled in different portions of the globe, and who, with their various progeny, were wont to flock to the ancestral domain for Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holidays, and on different anniversary occasions. Mrs. Van Dyke was therefore seldom alone and almost never care free for even one week of the year; and, besides, Mr. Van Dyke was naturally inclined to extend off-hand invitations to all his friends to put up at his house whenever it suited their pleasure or convenience. Not only was he a very generous and entertaining host, but, owing to Mrs. Van Dyke's management, his house was a most restful and altogether desirable refuge for many of his relations.

Mrs. Van Dyke was a woman of unvarying amiability. She was patient and kind and gentle beyond description. Throughout the long years of their wedded life, her loving husband never heard her utter a complaint. She was the last person to go to sleep at night, and the first to waken, or at least to rise in the morning, for forty seasons. She planned breakfasts and dinners and suppers innumerable, was often at the mercy of poor servants, and was sometimes left for weeks at a time with none at all; and yet the lamps burned every night, and were filled and trimmed every morning, the buckets went down and up in the moss-embowered well, the cistern pump creaked with unbroken regularity, and Mrs. Van Dyke never said a word about all those rented houses where there were no lamps used, where water flowed freely by merely turning a faucet, where hot baths could be taken any hour without a thought of pumps and kettles, and where women's cares and responsibilities were reduced to a minimum.

Ah, yes, Andrew Van Dyke loved his wife. She was a sweet, trustful, confiding and tender creature, who always looked upon him as a superior and who never failed to meet him with a smile, if not a kiss, when he entered the dear old home. No matter how large the grocery bill, it was promptly paid, and unquestioningly. So were the dry goods bills, and the milliners' and upholsterers' bills, and, finally, the doctors' bills that Mrs. Van Dyke contracted.

One day she casually remarked to her devoted partner in life's joys: "Andrew, did it ever occur to you that our trees have grown too large and they shade the house too much? Would you mind cutting some of them down and trimming others, so as to let in more sunshine? The doctor says my rheumatism would be less apt to trouble me."

He loved his wife devotedly, so he had several branches of maple and one large oak limb cut immediately. That was not sufficient, however. Whole trees needed to be removed from their close proximity to the house. Inasmuch as the tears were seen to fill his eyes when even the few limbs were severed from their parent trunks, and he confessed to a desire to beg, plaintively:

"Oh, woodman, spare that tree!"

Mrs Van Dyke had not the heart to suggest further clearing out. Her rheumatism grew worse and worse. The shade from the grove grew more and more dense. Mr. Van Dyke was only at home nights and Sundays, but oh, the blessedness of being screened from a busy world on hot Sunday afternoons, when he sat behind the shrubbery under the broad sheltering trees, and, yes, though they had been married so long, made love to his silver-haired wife!

"Dear," she said, softly, on one of these occasions, "why could we not have city water put in our house? It would save so much strength."

"No water like that from the old well," he replied, and enlarged upon it for some time eloquently. "Besides, it would tear up things, and we are so peaceful and serene that I should dread the general disturbance."

Again, being left without a servant for several days, she said, pleasantly, but very appealingly: "My dear, I wish we had gas in the old home, as in your handsome tenements. The cleaning of so many lamps every morning would become unnecessary."

"I hate gas light," he exclaimed. "Nothing like nice, well shaded, kerosene lamps!"

He did not have to keep them in order, and suddenly thinking so, he added, considerately, "Don't light so many, my dearest. You see we'd have to have a long spell of tearing up to get the pipes in, and it would be a nuisance, besides destroying much of the wall paper, etc., that we are attached to."

"Yes, that is so," said Mrs. Van Dyke meekly. But the very next day, in spite of her lame muscles, she drew three pails of water, pumped five, cleaned eight lamps, picked several quarts of berries, and cooked meals for a family of four relatives of Mr. Van Dyke's, who had arrived for a week's visit.

There was not, literally, a single feature of the old home which Mr. Van Dyke enjoyed that did not tax the physical endurance of his so greatly loved wife. The light, the water, the shade, the privilege of entertaining his friends were all pleasurable to him. But if he had for one day had all the water to draw and pump, all the lamps to care for, all the berries to pick, all the meals to prepare, perhaps he would have said: "Let us have modern conveniences, no matter at what cost or sacrifice." For he loved Mrs. Van Dyke devotedly.

But this is not to be a long story. It is merely an argument to prove how devotedly Andrew Van Dyke did love his wife.

She was terribly shocked one day when he was killed in a runaway accident. More than one consoling and sympathetic voice reached her after the funeral services were over: "You have lost a devoted husband."

"Ah, yes, indeed I have," said Mrs. Van Dyke, sincerely, as she copiously wept.

"You have one great source of comfort. He is gone now, but when here he loved you devotedly."

"Oh, yes, devotedly," she murmured.

In a little less than two weeks, and while her eyes were still tearful, and she seemed to be plunged into a state of most hopeless grief, Mrs. Van Dyke might have been seen in the lovely garden, clad in deep black, and resting her rheumatic figure against a large tree. She was saying: "You may leave this one. Cut down all the others."

A few days later many workmen were busy, for water pipes and gas pipes and bathrooms and a solarium were occupying their attention.

There was a grand transformation. In a few weeks the old house was flooded with sunlight. Mrs. Van Dyke was as comfortable at least as her married daughters in their modern residences, or as her husband's country cousins who had enjoyed modern improvements for ten years in advance of her, or as the tenants who paid her high rents for their luxuries, not knowing that anyone else had the right to collect. In the midst of her new blessings she heard such sentences as the following: "Oh, grandma, how beautifully you have arranged everything! How nice not to have any more lamps to clean and no more water to draw and everything so handy! How glad grandpa would be if he saw you so comfortable and so free from rheumatism, now that the sun gets in!"

"Yes, it would make him very happy," said Mrs. Van Dyke, sighing dreamily. "Your grandfather loved me devotedly."—Harper's Bazar.

THE SOCIABLE MOOSE BIRD.

He Camps with Hunters and Shares Their Meals.

I have had other but more brief experiences with this interesting bird of the north woods. He is a nomad. He claims no particular locality save the great evergreen forests as his home. The impulse of migration is evidently an unknown experience to him. You camp down for the night and he quietly greets you, spending the night near by, that he may lose no time in gleaning over the remains of your breakfast, writes Frederick Howard in Nature's Realm.

He is immediately interested in your preparations for departure, and, if he can spare the time from his search for a breakfast, will come down to the canoe to see you off, as well as to get an idea of the way you are heading, and when you are greeted at your next camping place in a similar manner you are at a loss to know whether it is the social individual of the previous night or a counterpart.

The woods of Maine, dear to me by pleasant associations, would lose half their charm to me without this bird. He is in keeping with the somber shadow of the spruce and hemlock. Persistent in his presence as the giant tree that rears its lofty form above your "shakedown," yet as unobtrusive as its shadow, so closely does he harmonize with the spirit of the silent wilderness.

England's Flowers.

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers growing in Europe only 420 are odoriferous. Less than one-fifth of the white kinds—which number 1,194—are fragrant. 77 of the 951 yellow kinds, 84 of the 823 red kinds, 31 of the 594 blue kinds, 13 of the [illegible] violet-blue kinds and 15 of the 240 kinds of combined colors.

WHAT HE FEARED.

Critical Purchase on Which Depended the Fate of a Business Policy.

"The trouble with us," said the druggist thoughtfully, "is that we don't keep open late enough. There's lots of late business at a drug store, and a man will patronize that store in the daytime that he is obliged to patronize at night. It would pay us to keep open later, and not rely so much on the night bell."

The partner was a little doubtful and called attention to the extra expense for gas and a clerk, but he finally gave in, the main argument being that the late sales would certainly pay the extra expense, and that the number of regular patrons secured would result in a profit.

Both staid up the first night, one enthusiastic and the other skeptical. One explained that, of course, they couldn't expect a customer to drop in the first thing, and the other remarked that he would be surprised if they sold enough in three nights to pay for the gas burned by one jet in half an hour.

They watched the people who occasionally passed the store, and the partner shrugged his shoulders and said: "See?" every time a man went by.

It was pretty nearly time to close up when a boy came in and bought a ten-cent package of cigarettes. The druggist would have enjoyed throwing the boy out, as he heard his partner laugh, but he refrained. It was nearly midnight and the extra two hours they had remained opened had resulted in a profit of a cent or a cent and a half.

Then a man came hurrying along the street. He saw the light in the window and made a bee line for the store.

"Here he comes," exclaimed the druggist, joyfully. "Some one sick, sure. I tell you we ought to keep open for humanity's sake if not for profit."

"George! I was afraid I wouldn't find you open," exclaimed the man as he entered.

"We intend to remain open till twelve or half past twelve after this," exclaimed the druggist as he went around behind the counter.

"It's a good thing, a good thing," said the man approvingly. "One can never tell when he may need something from a drug store. Give me three two-cent stamps, please."

Not a word was said as they closed and locked the doors. The druggist did not feel like saying anything, and the partner thought it dangerous. And the next night they closed between nine and ten as they had formerly done.—Chicago Tribune.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The One Sense in Which People Should Always Be "In Training."

Healthfulness and physical beauty are more nearly synonymous than we are accustomed to think.

The ancient Greeks strove to attain physical perfection—beauty of figure and of face—by means of exercises, baths and every means known to them of stimulating the bodily functions to a high degree of health. They were intense admirers of physical beauty, and appreciated the fact that health is one of its prime conditions.

The modern science of hygiene teaches that the observance of certain laws is necessary for the evolution of the growing boy and girl into the healthy man and woman.

Prominent among these laws is that of personal cleanliness. To obtain and to retain a healthful and active condition of the skin, frequent bathing is necessary, followed by active friction with brush or towel. It should be remembered that the skin is an excretory organ; that material which has been expeled through it collects upon its surface, and must be removed.

The skin also secretes an oily matter which keeps it moist, flexible and healthful. This is partially removed by bathing, and the healthful secretion is again stimulated by active rubbing.

To attain a good development of the muscles, physical exercise must be taken. The growing boy and girl should have a fixed time for exercise, either at home or at school, as well as for study, for eating, and for sleep.

The athletic trainer tells his pupils that temperance in all things is necessary for even a fair degree of physical development; he insists upon regularity in exercising, eating and sleeping.

Such a temperate and regular method of living should be the aim of everyone. In that sense of the word, everyone should keep himself "in training." This is especially important in youth, when not only are habits forming, but the foundations of future good or ill health are being laid. And let it be remembered that the means by which health is best attained are the same means by which one's personal appearance is best improved.—Youth's Companion.

Ballasted With Silver Ore.

Everyone has heard that mahogany railroad ties are used very largely in Mexico, but not many people are aware that on one of the lines the ties are of ebony, and that a low grade of silver ore is absolutely used for ballast. Of course the explanation is that the ore did not pay to work, but this does not remove the impression of lavish extravagance which the first glance of this luxurious roadbed creates. More remarkable still, perhaps, is the beauty of some of the marble used in the bridge construction.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Encouraging.

"It was this way," said De Snappy. "I wasn't over fifteen and he was twenty-five. We were boxing, and he hit me on the chest. I fell over backward, hit my head on the fender, and was knocked senseless."

"Dear me! How horrid!" cried Maud, sympathetically. "But I wouldn't care. You'll recover some time, Charlie. You're only twenty-three now."—Harper's Bazar.

—But wealth and honest poverty ride and hitch in this country.—Young Men's Era.

HE FINISHED HIS PRAYER.

And After Sunday School He Thrashed Each Boy Who Tried to Interrupt His Devotions.

Not many weeks ago I wandered into a church at an early hour on Sunday morning.

One by one, slowly entered the members of the congregation, and scattered themselves through the body of the church, maintaining that hush and solemn quiet which is only to be found in assemblies that meet for worship.

The very atmosphere seemed to breathe silence; one was absolutely wrapped in stillness, as with a garment.

Presently up the aisle sturdily walked a manly little urchin who appeared to be nine or ten years old. Looking neither to the right or left, he entered a pew and dropped on his knees.

While he was thus absorbed in his devotions, a noise of entering footsteps broke the silence, and soon a procession of seven small boys filed into the same pew, but, to all appearance, undisturbed by the sound or the movements, he maintained his devotional attitude.

After the lapse of perhaps eight minutes a whisper ran along the line of the seated boys. After the whisper, a snicker went the length of the line, followed by a sort of telegraphy from eye to eye.

After which, one of the number leaned forward and adroitly pulled the back hair of the kneeling boy. The young worshiper showed no consciousness of the act, maintaining his position in unbroken silence.

Then a youngster on the other side of the boy pulled a lock of hair within his reach, but no remonstrance or other recognition of the attack was given. The boy on his knees evidently meant to treat these profane interruptions on the part of his companions with silent contempt.

Then, followed a series of thumps on the back of his head, slowly and effectively administered, with a skillful adjustment of the thumb and forefinger, and rendered in perfection only by a long process of training. But the same result followed. The boy neither moved nor winced.

Another whisper from mouth to mouth. Evidently the situation demanded higher examples of strategy and a boy who seemed to be bolder than the rest deliberately moved from his seat, and approaching the young devotee administered three agonizing pinches.

A slight twitching of the muscles was the only indication that the young worshipper felt this attack and quiet ensued for fifteen minutes, after which a youngster, who, up to this time had taken no part in the amusement, outside of the giggling and the ocular telegraphy, assumed a like devotional attitude with the persecuted boy and inflicted a series of sharp thrusts with his elbow with the incisive force of a pumphandle.

The victim made no sign, and his tormentor arose from a kneeling posture and resumed his seat.

After a few minutes of silence one of the boys leaned forward and beckoned to the others. His face seemed radiant with a sudden inspiration, and he said in a stage whisper, quite loud enough to be heard at a distance of three pews behind him:

"I tell you, fellers, let's undo his galluses!"

Whether the situation had become too desperate for further endurance, or whether the young St. Anthony had concluded his prayers, it would be impossible to say; but upon the utterance of these suggestive words he rose from his knees and, crossing the aisle, took a seat in an opposite pew, preserving his gravity of demeanor to the last.

A youthful St. Anthony indeed, but there were limitations to his piety, for at the conclusion of the services he stood in the vestibule, his hands in his pockets and his eyes flashing indignation, till his tormenters appeared, when he drew himself up defiantly and said:

"I want you fellers to meet me in the alley after Sunday-school, and I'm goin' to lick you for what you done this mornin'."—Boston Globe.

Just in Time.

The discussion had waxed hot.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Banks. "Say, you used to be an agriculturist, didn't you?"

"I did," replied Rivers.

"Well, if you couldn't raise better vegetables than you can arguments—"

"Stop right there! You used to be in the mining business, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Well, if you couldn't dig for precious metals any better than you can dig for facts—"

"Hold on! I've known agriculturalists that were good for nothing but raising—"

"Don't you say it! It's too much like swearing. That isn't an agricultural operation anyhow. It's more like mining. To raise the place you had in your mind you need only to resume your spade and pick and dig like—"

But outsiders interfered.—Chicago Tribune.

A Soft Thing.

"Yesterday was pa's birthday," said the young man's best girl, as they stood talking over the gate early in the evening.

"Yes?" he replied absently. "What did you give him?"

"A pair of nice soft slippers. He is walking around the room in them now, quite proud. You ought to see him."

"I guess I will. This might be a good time to ask him if I might have you."—Toledo Blade.

Very Serious, Indeed.

Wife—What seems to be the matter with my husband, doctor?

Doctor—O, nothing more than an attack of rheumatism in the pedal extremities.

Wife—Ah, it is worse than I expected. Charley said the pain was all in his feet.—Texas Siftings.

MAN'S LOWEST EBB.

Australian Aborigines the Most Degraded of Human Beings.

Ethnologists are agreed that in their primitive estate savage men are found at the lowest known point of human development in the Australian wilderness.

Very little is known of the ethnology or early history of the inhabitants of the great island continent.

Chinese history shows that these people were aware of the existence and position of Australia for centuries before the time of Christ and for at least two thousand five hundred years before its discovery by navigators from western Europe.

The Malayoesian peoples to the north and west, probably those from Papua or Borneo, at one time spread over a considerable portion of Australia.

Even yet we know comparatively little about the Bushmen and their lives in the dense wilderness of the untamed interior.

When a coast schooner landed me at Geraldton, on the far west coast of Australia, says Dr. Eugene Standen, I had the impression that a trip of a few miles inland would bring me to numerous settlements of the aborigines.

I made a tedious trip of about three hundred and fifty miles into the desolate interior, beyond Lake Austin, and well over to the edge of the Great Victoria desert, without having discovered a single trace of the savages.

The semi-civilized wretches that I met were indeed a sorry lot. The worst of the Hottentots of Africa, of the Caribs in the interior of Dutch Guiana, or of the Africans in Hayti, are a sufficiently bad lot to make one feel that civilization is hopeless in their case; but they are all, physically, intellectually and morally, far beyond and above these degraded creatures.

They had one, only one, reason for desiring to ward off death, and that great reason was—grog! Enforced prohibition in that region would quickly result in the total extermination of these miserable wretches, who would do nothing to ward off their doom if their beloved rum was taken from them.

The aborigines are a black-brown people with hanging lower lip, prominent cheek bones, high but narrow foreheads, flattened noses, and very long, coarse black hair. The latter characteristic is their chief difference from African negroes.

I was warned that "spearing white men" was the principal enjoyment of these savages, and I was led to believe that to attempt to live so close to them as to be able to observe their habits would be sure death.

Yet there, as often elsewhere, I found that the golden rule was an excellent safeguard and "open sesame," and that it was but necessary to once impress upon them my kindly intentions and my willingness to share food with aboriginal visitors to assure me fair treatment.

The trying climate, with its long periods of drought, and the absence of any of the Ruminata or cattle tribe, must always have made the lives of these Australian aborigines more difficult, and have subjected them to greater hardships than have been known elsewhere outside of the polar zones.

The scarcity of food has given rise to a degree of selfishness at meals that is far worse than anything to be observed elsewhere. I was a witness to how this shows itself one day.

I had strolled over to their camp just after sending them a wallaby I had shot. So eager were they for food that they had not stopped to more than half cook the flesh, and when I arrived they were already at the feast.

The four men and two youths were sitting huddled closely together, tearing the more toothsome bits of meat from the bone. As soon as a bone was half picked they carelessly threw it over their shoulders toward where the five women of the party sat together.

The women scrambled for each bone, and when they were done with it there was not a great deal of flesh remaining. Yet what remained was expected to suffice for the dozen or more naked children from four up to fourteen, to whom, in turn, the bones were thrown over the shoulders of the woman.

This was pretty short allowance for that half-famished horde of youngsters, yet, as five or six half-wild dogs struggled and snapped for the bones with them, they did not always get even that little.

My half-breed guide and interpreter told me that it never occurred to the parents that it was their duty to see that their children had sufficient food. In fact, were they to become pressed for their own dinners beyond endurance, he thought that one of the fattest of the youngsters would be in grave danger of having to serve in that capacity.—Boston Globe.

Very Punctual.

Jimson—Is Mr. Noodles in?

Boy—Not yet, but I expect him every minute.

"It's ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Most. The clock will strike in half a minute, if not sooner. There she goes!"

"All right. I promised to be here at ten o'clock and pay him some money. Tell him I called and he wasn't in." [Rushes off.]—N. Y. Weekly.

A Very Serious Case.

Doctor—Mrs. O'Fagan, your husband is nervously prostrated. He needs perfect quiet and more sleep.

Mrs. O'Fagan—Shure, doctor, I'm a realizin' of that fact, but whin Patrick slapes he snores so loud, he wakes himself right up agin.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Continuous Performance.

Mrs. Passay—Shakespeare says man has seven ages. At first—

Jack Gayford (interrupting)—Well, a woman has only three.

Mrs. Passay—Indeed! What are they, pray?

Jack Gayford (grimly)—Sixteen, nineteen and twenty-three. They never get past the latter.—Truth.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The phonograph is now used in schools for teaching purposes.

—The Free church of Scotland has established a hospital on the shores of the sea of Galilee.

—Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt supports in a practical [illegible] young women, [illegible] from their places of [illegible] to earn their own way.

—There are now over [illegible] words in the English language [illegible] by the best authorities, or [illegible] more than in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages combined.

—Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, has just purchased one of the finest classical libraries in Germany for presentation to Bryn Mawr. It belonged to Prof. Sauppe, of Gottingen, and contains sixteen thousand volumes.

—Dr. William Pepper has resigned his position of provost of the university of Pennsylvania, which he has held for thirteen years with much success. He sent along with his resignation a little present of fifty thousand dollars.

—There are now about 1,000,000 living church members who have been gathered out of pagan populations. In all the mission stations in the world it is supposed that there were, during the last year, 100,000 converts, or 2,000 each week.

—The "Gospel push cart" is making its way about Australia. It is a little portable chapel dragged by a horse or three men, and lighted by electricity. One side can be let down to form a platform, and the interior contains chairs and a small organ.

—The queen regent of Holland wears the plainest kind of clothes, but spends much time and thought on her small daughter's toilets. Queen Wilhelmina wears nothing but material of the most exquisite texture, and all her linen has the "W" and crown beautifully embroidered upon it.

—Bishop Hurst is much encouraged over the prospects of the National Methodist university at Washington. Over $200,000 has been received within the past few months, despite the hard times. A resident of Washington has pledged $25,000 on the day the corner-stone of the first building is laid, which event will occur this year.

—At a recent meeting of the New York presbytery the question of students connected with Union Theological seminary came up before the presbytery, five having presented their applications to be taken under the care of the presbytery. Their application was opposed by some very earnestly in view of the fact that they were obtaining their training in a seminary out of sympathy with the church. After some discussion, in which Dr. John Hall urged that the young men be admitted to the care of the presbytery, it was decided by a large majority that they be so received.

—The American board (Congregational) has a missionary force of 3,265. Number of communicants, 41,556. Additions last year, 3,750. They contributed to the work, $679,280. The Methodists (north and south) have a missionary force of 2,998. Number of communicants, 37,029. Additions last year, 3,284. They gave to foreign missions $1,222,619. The Presbyterians (north and south) have a missionary force of 2,716. Number of communicants, 34,036. Additions last year, 5,343. They gave to foreign missions $1,142,316. The Baptists (north and south) have a missionary force of 5,600. Number of communicants, 195,276. Additions last year, 7,955. They gave for foreign missions $1,145,027. The four leading foreign missionary boards of American have a missionary force of 11,108. Communicants, 217,832. Additions last year, 18,832. Their contributions were $4,189,248.—Missionary Review.

A KABYLE MARRIAGE.

An Interesting Ceremony That Is Not Altogether Unique.

The ceremony among the Kabyles is interesting because of its comparative resemblance to the customs of the old Greeks and Romans, and even to those which still prevail in sequestered parts of France. Here is the girl's father who exacts a wedding portion, a sum of about eight pounds, for which the bridegroom has generally to rely upon the advances of his friends. Often, too, the young man has not a house for his bride, in which case his friends set to work and build one—no very difficult matter.

On the wedding day the bride is led through the villages in the neighborhood, mounted on a mule, and escorted by friends and relations, who shout and fire guns again and again. The various householders hasten forth to offer her a sieveful of beans, nuts, or dried figs. Of these she takes a handful, which she kisses and then replaces in the sieve. All the offerings are collected in sacks by the old women of the procession as contributions to the young people's larder.

At the bridegroom's house the girl's hands are washed with liquid butter. Then they give her some fresh eggs, which she breaks on the mule's head and inside the unhappy animal's ears, thereby, it is believed, counteracting any evil designs against her and her husband's happiness. Before entering the house she drinks milk, fresh and sour, and also water, and scatters over her shoulder a handful of barley, wheat and salt for the good of the family.

The husband then approaches her and fires a pistol above her head, to signify that thenceforward he has the power of life and death over her. Not infrequently he makes the symbol even more emphatic by firing into her head-dress and setting her on fire. This done, little remains except for the youth to lift the lady in his arms and carry her bodily into his house.—All the Year Round.

—Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Men are very long afraid of being natural, from the dread of being taken for ordinary.—Jeffrey.